

4

K

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES

OF

AFFECTING INCIDENTS

AT SEA.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

INTERSPERSED WITH

POETRY,

AND

MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that
do business in great waters, these see the works
of the LORD and his wonders in the deep;"

~~~~~
"Around them night's impervious gloom descends,
"No star to guide them, and no gale befriends,
"No pilot near, the trackless path to keep,
"The howling tempest, hurls them o'er the deep."

PUBLISHED by SUBSCRIPTION,

For the Benefit of a poor lame Boy.

Scarborough.

Printed by B. & W. WILSON, only,
by Permission of the Author.

MDCXCXV..

2

APPROXIMATELY 1000

1835

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

ENTERED WITH

POETRY

QMA

NOV 16 1988



PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION

For the benefit of a poor lame boy

• ឧបទ្វីបប៉ាបួន ៖

and formation of the system.

• 4020534

ADDRESS TO CHARITY.

HAIL CHARITY! *propitious pow'r,*
 'Tis thine, to ease the aching breast,
To soothe the sad distressful hour,
 And shed the balm of downy rest.

O! hear the suff'ring mourner's prayer,
 His tender plaint — his piteous cry,
With hand indulgent wipe the tear,
 From sad affliction's gushing eye.

KIND CHARITY! *celestial guest,*
 Swift, from the azure sky descend,
Diffuse thy spirit through each breast,
 And all thy genial influence lend.—

* Maim'd in his limbs, oppress'd with pain,
 To thee his ardent pray'rs ascend;
O! let him not address in vain;
 THOU! th' afflicted sufferers' friend.—

~~~~~  
\* Joseph Allison the unfortunate Object of compassion aged only 12 Years,  
has suffered the loss of a limb. and is in an ill state of health.



ADDRESS OF CHARITY

My friends, I am very glad to see you here to-day. I am sure that you will all be interested in the subject of charity. It is a subject which concerns us all, and one which we should all strive to improve. I am sure that you will all be interested in the subject of charity. It is a subject which concerns us all, and one which we should all strive to improve. I am sure that you will all be interested in the subject of charity. It is a subject which concerns us all, and one which we should all strive to improve.







## SCARBOROUGH.

On Friday the sixth of October, at the dawn of the morning, a vessel in great distress, was discovered at anchor near Filay-bridge, which is a formidable ridge of rocks to the south of this Port, extending from the shore into the Ocean. — A severe gale had prevailed upon the coast for some days previous to this incident — the sea was tremendously agitated, and the wind continued to blow with violence, which seemed to exclude every possibility of assistance from the shore, and excited the greatest anxiety for the safety of the vessel and mariners. In this moment of extreme danger, four fishermen belonging to this town, of great bodily strength and daring spirits, had the courage to adventure to their assistance in a little open fishing boat called a coble, and braving all the dangers of the wind and sea, boldly committed themselves to the perils of the boisterous ocean. — The distance from the harbour to the vessel was eight miles; but the extent of the *traverse* which the fishermen were *obliged* to make, was ten miles, as they could not keep a straight course, being under the necessity of preserving the boat in a proper direction to the sea. — The water at the mouth of the harbour when they departed, was extremely agitated, and the waves broke with uncommon fury at some distance from the shore — the moment

was

## 6 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

was critical and perilous, and required an extraordinary degree of skill and intrepidity; indeed it was esteemed a daring attempt of desperate men, prodigal of their lives, and insensible to every idea of danger. — The scene was highly interesting and alarming, to see those intrepid men embarked in a little open boat in a high and dangerous sea, exerting all their strength and skill to combat its fury. — Many and great were the perils they had to encounter — their lives were exposed to variety of accidents — at some moments they were suspended in the most awful situation on the summit of a mountainous wave, — at others they totally disappeared from the view of the spectators. — The boat from its construction required the greatest attention and dexterity in the management — a single unskillful movement might have proved fatal — they had their way to make through a boisterous sea to a great distance — every nerve was to be strained and all their power exerted; and had they failed in their efforts to have reached the vessel, there was no possibility of returning, or landing upon any part of the coast, which made their situation truly desperate. After contending four hours with the tempestuous element with the greatest fortitude and perseverance — drenched with the waves which frequently broke upon them: fatigued and almost exhausted with incessant labour; greater dangers were still presented on their approach to the vessel. — The sea was dashing against her sides and breaking upon the decks in a tremendous manner; and she was rolling at the same time with the most violent motions. — In such a critical situation, every attempt to board her seemed impracticable; — but these intrepid men inured to all the perils of the ocean; — cool and collected in the midst of surrounding dangers, waited a momentary suspension of the agitation of the waves, and instantly pushed to the vessel; leaping on board in succession at proper intervals, with the most undaunted resolution and activity, the boat being at the same time in  
the

the greatest danger either of sinking, or dashing to pieces. — After having thus providentially got on board, they found the ship in a hazardous situation. — the crew were fatigued and dejected — the anchor was cast upon a rocky shore, and the cable every moment in danger of being cut by the asperities — the sea was high — the wind was blowing from a dangerous quarter, — the formidable rocks of Eilay surrounded with foaming waves threatening to leeward, — and inevitable death with all its terrific horrors around them, if the cable separated: — the time of the tide was also critical, — not a moment was to be lost, — decision and judgment being essentially necessary. — With a comprehensive presence of mind, and skilful foresight attained by long experience, they saw at a glance all that was requisite. Temporary masts were immediately erected, and some small sails expeditiously fitted — a spring rope was fixed upon the cable to cast the head of the vessel the right way to the sea — the little sails were hoisted and trimmed to the wind and the cable was cut at the proper moment. — By these and other skilful manœuvres, the vessel and crew were extricated from the most imminent danger, and by extraordinary management and exertions, safely conducted into this port at five o'clock in the evening of the same day, amidst the applauses of numerous spectators.

The *Royal Humane Society* sent a reward of ten guineas for their meritorious conduct; and the strangers who were at the *Spaw*, and the spectators of the scene, raised a handsome subscription on the occasion.

The names of the fishermen who displayed so much skill and intrepidity, are Matthew Hodgson, William Henderson, John Harwood, and Robert Reed. Hodgson has been three separate times overturned in his boat on similar occasions, — three of his former companions have in those cases been drowned; but he has been preserved in the most providential manner.

The



## 8 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

The following quotation from Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, is applicable upon this occasion.

"White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud

"Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:

"Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;

"And instant death on ev'ry wave appears."

The fishermen are in general, a very bold, hardy, robust race of men — their lives are exposed to the greatest danger in their little boats in the storms of Winter, and they sometimes adventure to the assistance of ships in distress, in such high and boisterous seas, as one might suppose would make the stoutest heart to tremble. — Happy would it be, if the many *Providential* deliverances they experience, made a due impression upon them. — These men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep in the highest degree. — O that they would therefore *praise* the Lord for his goodness: and *declare* the wonders that he doeth for the children of men. — That they would go into his gates with *thanksgiving* and into his courts with *praise*: be thankful unto him and speak good of his name.





## SCARBOROUGH.

"While jarring interests wake the world to arms;

"And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;

"While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,

"Along his trembling waves from pole to pole;

"Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand,

"Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;

"Sick of the tumult, where the trumpeter's breath

"Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groans of death;

"Tis mine retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,

"That stands so lonely on this sea-beat shore,

"To write the moving scenes of sad distress,

"And all the dangers of the deep express;

"*Here*, hostile elements tumultuous rise,

"And lawless floods rebel against the skies;

"Till hope expires, and peril and dismay,

"Wave their black ensigns on the war'y way. —

"Approach ye brave companions of the sea,

"And fearless view this awful scene with me!

"Ye *native* GUARDIANS of your COUNTRY's laws!

"Ye *bold* ASSERTORS of her sacred cause!

"The muse invites you; judge if I depart,

"Unequal from the precepts of your art." —

The violent gale of wind which suddenly arose on saturday night last, proved fatal to many a hapless vessel and unfortunate mariner; and the severities of its effects were deeply experienced at this place—The evening until ten o'clock was serene and pleasant—the sky unclouded—not a single prognostic of a storm was visible in the heavens—the winds seemed hushed to rest, and the sea was uncommonly smooth and placid; But the scene changed in a moment!—The clouds suddenly gathered darkness—the storm, loud as thunder, came sweeping from the North with irresistible violence, and the awful hour of the night added to the tremendous gloom, and increased the general consternation.—

The

## 10 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

The buildings shook as though they had been moved by the concussions of an earthquake—the roofs of several houses were stripped of their coverings,—the streets were overspread with the ruins, and part of the *Castle wall* (the venerable remains of antiquity) fell beneath the fury of the impetuous tempest.

“On a huge cliff, whose summit tow’ring stands,  
 “Whose foot impresses deep the Ocean’s sands,  
 “A spacious citadel in view appears;  
 “Now quite dismantled, and subdu’d by years;  
 “Its falling roofs, afford an awful sight,  
 “And mix with dread; the gazer’s high delight;  
 “Its shatter’d battlements with moss o’er grown,  
 “Its naked portals, and its mould’ring stone,  
 “The firm remains of strength and curious art,  
 “On ev’ry side, a pleasing view impart;”

The num’rous turrets to the STORM resound,  
 Its anient walls fall thund’ring to the ground. —

When the day appeared, the sea exhibited a scene, awful beyond description.—Far as the eye could reach, the great *Expanse* was covered with broken water, and arrayed in all its terrors.—The foaming billows followed each other in rapid succession, rolling over the piers in vast accumulated masses, dashed to an incredible height! The ships in the harbour received great damage, and appeared in the utmost distress and confusion.—A brigantine belonging to Lynn, broke her moorings, and was forced by the violence of the storm amongst the rocks to the southward, where she was broken to pieces in a few moments.—A ship from Newcastle, oppressed with the boisterous sea, and unable to reach the harbour, appeared in a situation perfectly desperate—The shore surrounded with rocks and broken water threatened destruction in every direction. Impelled by the wind and sea, she approached the dreadful scene with fatal rapidity—The pointed rocks seemed ready to

receive her, and the foaming billows to overwhelm her—the waves burst over her poop and decks with incredible fury—the weight of her strokes upon the ground made her whole fabric tremble, and she was expected every moment to be shattered to pieces by the violence of the concussions—After many tremendous shocks, she at length beat over to the gravelly part of the beach at the foot of the cliff, about a mile beyond the Spaw.—Crouds of people hastened along the strand to her assistance—The strongest expressions of anxiety were depicted on every countenance—They were actuated by one of the noblest principles of the human heart—That of **SUCCOURING** their **FELLOW-CREATURES** in **DISTRESS**.

The dauntless seamen in the ship, waiting a favorable moment, launched their boat into the sea amidst the broken water, and reached the shore in safety

“Now borne impetuous o’er the boiling deeps,  
 “Her course to Scarboro’s shores the vessel keeps,  
 “Above the poop th’ audacious seas aspire,  
 “Uproll’d in hills, like fluctuating fire;  
 “High o’er the ship, they cast a dreadful shade,  
 “And o’er her burst in terrible cascade:  
 “Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,  
 “Her shatter’d top half buried in the skies;  
 “Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground;  
 “Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!”

A *little Sloop* in distress—deeply laden, and almost buried in the sea, was discovered making towards the harbour—her sails were torn to shreds by the violence of the wind, and the helm had lost its government!—the foaming sea made a clear passage over her, and every wave threatened instant destruction—I observed with painful agony her hopeless situation, and trembled for her fate at the approach of every billow.—As she drew near the shore, I could clearly distinguish with



a glass, two distressed seamen upon the deck using every possible exertion—One was at the helm endeavoring to steer her—the other, was trimming the sheet of a tattered sail which fluttered in the wind.—Vain were all their efforts!——it was a forlorn hope—the last struggle of persevering fortitude!—I saw a mountainous wave collecting its tremendous force, and marked the fatal progress—The hapless vessel was overwhelmed with its fury, and buried from the sight for some moments; but she afterwards appeared floating upon her side, a melancholy wreck upon the water!——A little interval succeeded, and she seemed rather recovering from the violence of the shock:—another wave, if possible more tremendous than the former, burst upon her, and plunged her into the deep abyss!—I caught the last glance of the top of her mast—a momentary calm succeeded—nothing was to be seen save the broken water—she had totally disappeared and all on board perished!

“Ye victims of the whelming waves, adieu!

“Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!

“The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,

“While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

“On you, the blast surcharg’d with rain and snow,

“In winter’s dismal nights no more shall beat;

“Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,

“And scorch the arid earth with baneful heat.

“No more on yon wide wat’ry waste you stray,

“While hunger and disease your life consume,

“While parching thirst, that burns without allay,

“Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom,

“No more you feel *Contagion’s* mortal breath

“That taints the realms with misery severe;

“No more behold pale *Famine*, scattering death,

“With cruel ravage desolate the year.

“What tho’ no funeral pomp, no borrow’d tear,

“Your hour of death to gazing crouds shall tell;

“Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,

“Who sadly listen to the passing bell.

Yet

## AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES. 13

"Yet shall Rememb'rance from Oblivion's veil

"Recall the scene, and sigh with grief sincere,

"And soft compassion at the tragic tale,

"In grateful tribute pay her kindred tear." —

What commiseration is excited for such unhappy sufferers and their surviving friends! — Let us indulge the sympathetic tenderness of the moment, whilst a scene is now presented, which must call every benevolent affection into action. — See that lowly mansion! — It is the habitation of a distressed widow, whose husband perished in the late tremendous storm! — Her loss is great! — O pity her tender sorrows! — Let the foot of Charity softly approach the mournful dwelling. — Whence are those plaintive notes of deep affliction? — Listen — O! listen to the tremulous sounds, which murmur to the hollow wind, and strike the ear with such a melancholy cadence! — It is the voice of the disconsolate mourner lamenting her hapless situation! — What a scene of exquisite tenderness! — She is dividing her *little*, her *last* small *portion* of *bread* with her helpless children, while the mournful group with *supplicating* looks, anxiously surround her! — In all the attitude of unutterable woe, she mingles the scanty morsel with her tears, tells them it is her *all*, and how their *Father*, the chief support, *perished* on the merciless ocean!

GRACIOUS FATHER of unbounded beneficence, whose tender mercies are over all thy works, and before whose throne, the prayers of the WIDOW and ORPHAN ascend as the sweetest incense! — thy sacred influence can soothe the sorrows, and soften the anguish of the agonized bosom, and inspire it, with FAITH, with HOPE, and PIOUS RESIGNATION.

We are unable to penetrate the veil of thy mysterious Providence, — *thy* ways are not our ways, nor *thy* thoughts our thoughts — *they* are unsearchable  
and

## 14 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES

and past finding out, and the greatest *apparent* losses and misfortunes of this mortal life, are frequently mercies in disguise.

"Tho' doom'd with all that's dear to part;

"HOPE, still on GOD relies,

"And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,

"Bids expectation rise,

"HOPE, like the glimm'ring taper's light,

"Adorns and cheers the way;

"And still, as darker grows the night,

"Emits a brighter ray." —

Bear up then a little while disconsolate mourner,  
and the storms of this life will soon be over——  
The GOD of mercy, will send his richest consolations  
to mitigate the seeming severity of thy lot—He has  
promised to be a HUSBAND to the WIDOW, and  
a FATHER to the FATHERLESS, and they are the  
promises of IMMUTABLE TRUTH.

O cease to weep! — RELIGION's lucid ray,

Shall soon disperse these gloomy shades away;

The *Heav'n-born Comforter* with cheerful air

Sheds a kind lustre o'er the scenes of care,

Bids anxious thoughts and stormy troubles cease,

Gilds the dark scene, and sweetens pains to peace. —

"The LORD directs the storm"—and cares and pains

Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains;

His dealings *all are just*, and *wise*, and *kind*;

Our lesson this—"Be humble and resign'd!" —

No dangers can affright, if GOD is near,

A *present* GOD can banish ev'ry fear;

His gracious smile can make the darkness fly,

Smoothe all the road, and brighten all the sky.

Our GOD! our GUIDE! O may we never stray,

But *trust his care*, and keep the *heav'nly way*;

Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,

And DARKNESS GRIEF, and PAIN, for ever cease. —



## SCARBOROUGH.

When we contemplate the beautiful order of the universe, the unerring laws by which it is regulated, the harmony which pervades the general system and supports the universal balance, the mind is filled with the most sublime ideas of the infinite wisdom and skill of the Divine Architect. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge; there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

“The spacious firmament on high,  
 “With all the blue ætherial sky,  
 “And spangled heavens a shining frame,  
 “Their great Original proclaim:  
 “Th’unweaned sun from day to day,  
 “Does his Creator’s pow’r display;  
 “And publishes to ev’ry land,  
 “The work of an Almighty hand.”

But let us not suppose that the Divine laws are reversed, when the celestial harmony is partially disturbed by any sudden conflicts in the elements:—the stormy wind fulfils the word of the Lord; as well as the softest southern breeze or mildest zephyr:—they are all under the direction of the same infinite wisdom; all under the government of the same original principle of action; and though we may have sometimes cause to deplore the ravages of the sweeping tempest, yet alternate changes are necessary in the general system.

Amongst the various calamitous accidents which happened at sea during the autumnal storms of this year, the following authentic and affecting narrative, may not be unworthy to be recorded.

The

The Diligence (Richardson) a brigantine belonging to Scarborough, was forced on shore near Dantzic in the Baltic, by a violent storm,——The dangerous position of the vessel, exposed the decks so much to the fury of the sea, that the crew were obliged to take refuge in the rigging, and the intensity of the cold of a severe climate, at a late season of the year, was almost insupportable.——One of the poor seamen was swept overboard, and buried in the waves in sight of his distressed companions, in vain struggling for life and calling upon them for assistance——Another, enfeebled by exertions, and affected with the severity of the frost, was unable to sustain himself, and dropping from the shrouds perished in the sea.——A third, had just strength to climb as high as the Main-yard, where he continued, until the current of life ceased to flow, and the powers of animation were totally arrested.

"With awful look, the sailors ey'd the strand,

"Where death's inexorable jaws expand:

"Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,

"In mute suspense they mount into the wind. —

"Swept from the ship, the *seaman* strives in vain,

"Thro' hostile floods the vessel to regain,

"The hostile waters close around his head,

"He sinks for ever, number'd with the dead:

"Whilst *one* benumb'd was forced to forego

"His slippery hold, and sunk to depths below:

"Bereft of power to help, their comrades see,

"The wretched victims die beneath the lee;

"With fruitless sorrow, their lost fate bemoan;

"Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own."——

The Master and his brother, possessed of great bodily strength and resolution, fortunately reached the Main-top; but so much exhausted, that they despaired of surviving the accumulated hardships.——In this pitiable

pitiable situation they waited the awful moment of their dissolution, expecting the vessel either to be broken up with the force of the waves, or that they should perish by the piercing severity of the storm. — A torpid insensibility had already seized them — the pulse of life beat feebly — the shades of death were gathering around, and every ray of hope seemed to be extinguished; but a vital spark of animation which still remained, excited them to action, and they determined to make an effort to loose the Main-topsail to shelter them from the violence of the gale; but it appeared an insurmountable difficulty in their deplorable situation, to ascend the yard for that purpose. — The skin was stripped from their hands and feet — their bodies were bruised — their legs benumbed and almost deprived of motion, so that they were obliged *forcibly* to move the joints of their knees for some time, before they recovered the liberty of action — at length, after many painful exertions, they ascended the yard and loosed the sail, which hanging before the top, defended them from the vehemence of the storm, and afforded a comfortable shelter. — The poor solitary mariner upon the Main-yard; before he expired, called upon them for assistance — Alas! they were unable to help him! — He made several attempts to gain the top; but his strength failing, all his efforts proved fruitless — Perceiving his dissolution approaching — he said with a feeble voice and tender concern for his shipmates — “My lads are you both alive?” — and in a few moments expired.

“The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,

“That now inactive to the palate hung;

“He spake, no more: — the chilling ice of death,

“Congeal’d his blood, and stopp’d his feeble breath.”

The Master and his brother continued in the Main-top from the noon of one day to the morning of



## 18 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

of the next; but were so affected with the severity of the weather, that the principle of life was almost extinguished, and they appeared like frozen statues! —

The inhabitants of a little village near the place where the vessel was stranded, launched a boat into the sea, as soon as the waves subsided, and conveyed the unfortunate sufferers on shore, treating them with the greatest tenderness and humanity; but life hung doubtful for some hours, without any favorable symptoms of recovery.

“The generous natives mov’d with social pain,

“The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;

“With pitying sighs their helpless lot deplore,

“And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.”

The hospitable foreigners, sheltered them under the friendly roofs of their humble cottages, and administered every consolation and comfort within the extent of their *little* possessions! — Kind and generous men! this instance of liberal compassion shall not pass unregarded — Your unpolluted minds and simple manners, teach you all the gentleness of soft humanity — The shipwrecked mariner upon your hospitable shore finds a kind asylum; and when he relates the moving tale of his dangers and hardships upon the tempestuous ocean — When he tells you of his feelings for his distant family in his native land! his affectionate wife! — his tender offspring! — Struck with the sympathetic tale, you gently mingle the tears of sweet compassion, and endeavour to soothe his sorrows, and solace his heart, with the consolations of a *Superintending Providence*, and the hopes of fairer scenes, and brighter prospects.

“The humble peasants tho’ with want oppress,

“Can share affliction with the wretch distress;

“Tho’ lost to science, and the nobler arts,

“Yet nature’s lore informs their feeling hearts,”

What

What a contrast is this to the barbarous custom of others, who are insensible to all the tender feelings of compassion! — It sometimes happens, when an unfortunate vessel is cast by the raging element upon some inhospitable strand, that bands of daring plunderers, commit the most shameful depredations in the open face of day, in violation of the most sacred rites of humanity! — What an atrocious crime! — What an INDELIBLE STAIN to any CIVILIZED NATION! — Unfeeling men! — INHUMAN BARBARIANS! to make a spoil of the property, of the unhappy, defenceless, shipwrecked mariner! — Nay, — what is worse, — to strip with sacrilegious hands, the body of the miserable sufferer, which the more merciful waves have cast upon your coast! — Reflect a moment, and check your rapacious cruelty, lest the judgment of heaven arrest you suddenly in the commission of the impious deed, and extend you breathless, by the side of the unfortunate seaman, who has thus fatally perished,

“The muse shall now a horrid tale unfold,

“A tale by shipwreck’d seamen sadly told;

“How oft the shiv’ring sufferers have view’d

“With murd’ring weapons arm’d, a lawless brood,

“On England’s dread inhuman shore, who stand,

“The foul reproach and scandal of our land!

“To rob the wanderers wreck’d upon the strand.

“These, while their savage office they pursue,

“Oft wound to death the helpless plunder’d crew,

“Who scap’d from ev’ry terror of the main,

“Implor’d their mercy, but implor’d in vain.

“The dreadful MISCREANTS prowling round the shore,

“With foul intent the stranded bark explore,

“Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,

“While tardy justice slumbers ~~on~~ the sword. —

“Th’ indignant muse, in mercy taught to feel,

“Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal. —

With

## 20 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES,

"With conscious horror struck, our Seamen stand,  
 "And for a while detest their native land,  
 "They blame the sleeping vengeance of the laws,  
 "That thus forgets her GUARDIAN SAILOR'S cause."——

It may not be improper upon this occasion, to recommend the unwearied exertion of every possible means for the restoration of persons apparently dead, whilst a glimpse of hope remains. — In such cases let no difficulties discourage; let not the want of success in some few instances, prevent the trial of every means calculated for a recovery; for though the torch of life may seem to be extinguished, yet a latent spark may still remain, which by proper care, perseverance, and attention, may once more enlighten the whole body, and restore the lamented object of virtuous affection to the agonized bosom of conjugal sympathy; —— the support of helpless indigence to the desponding prayers of orphan'd misery; and him whose spirit is ready to take its flight, with all his imperfections on his head, to the means of repentance and eternal peace.

The following extract from a poem on HUMANITY, is impressive upon this occasion.

"And oh! 'tis *Thine*, when vital breath seems fled,  
 "To seek the awful confines of the dead;  
 "Drag the pale victim from the whelming wave,  
 "And snatch the body from the floating grave;  
 "Beneath the billow, tho' entomb'd it lies,  
 "Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies;  
 "'Tis *THINE*, to plunge into the whelming flood,  
 "Clasp the swol'n frame, and thaw the frozen blood;  
 "Breathe in the lips re-animating fire,  
 "Till warm'd to *Second Life*, the drown'd respire."



## SCARBOROUGH.

"O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,  
 "Propell'd by gentle gales the vessel glides,  
 "The thoughts of home, that o'er his bosom roll,  
 "With trembling joy dilates the Master's soul;  
 "Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray,  
 "Distress recedes, and dangers melt away.  
 "Already Scarboro's parent-cliffs arise,  
 "And in idea greet his longing eyes!  
 "Each amorous sailor too with joy elate,  
 "Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate:  
 Beguil'd by hope, they think all dangers o'er,  
 And view with eager looks their native shore. —

The Ripon, ( Davison ) failed from Burnam a sea-port on the coast of Essex, the third of December, bound to Scarborough — The wind was favorable — the progress rapid — the destined port was at a little distance, and every thing seemed propitious — Hope with its fond delusions, flattered them that all the dangers of the voyage were over, and they anticipated the pleasure of soon embracing their friends, and repoling at home during the storms of winter — But the delusive prospect quickly vanished. — A dreadful storm suddenly arose; which by its violence drove them far from their native shore. — The ship canting her ballast, was thrown upon her broad-side in the sea, and the pumps were incessantly kept at work to prevent her from sinking — After driving at the mercy of the wind for several days upon the tempestuous ocean, they were at length forced upon the island of Wranger Oog on the coast of Jutland, where the shore was a perfect *Quick-sand*, into which the vessel continued gradually sinking — In this extremity, the Master and Crew, after a short consultation, embarked in the boat, and fortunately reached the land in safety, after escaping the most imminent perils. — The precipitancy, with which

which they were obliged to leave the vessel, prevented them saving either their clothes or any other necessaries, and they landed upon the island, in a condition truly distressed and destitute.——The Governor of Wranger Oog was touched with compassion at their misfortune, and commiserated their unhappy situation:—without subsistence! without necessaries! or any resources in a foreign land!—He entertained them with tenderness and humanity—they were cheered and refreshed under the friendly roof of his hospitable mansion, and the kindness of their Benefactor, made them for a moment lose sight of their misfortunes.

Such amiable benevolence in an exalted station, adds a distinguished lustre to the character, and is highly meritorious.——The heart expands at the relation—we see the bright side of the picture of human nature in its loveliest colours, and admire its beauty.—COMPASSION is one of the gentlest virtues of the human breast——it was implanted by the ALMIGHTY to soothe the cares, and soften the asperities of life.——How abject and debased is the man who is destitute of it!—Without COMPASSION, he is a cruel ferocious animal.

The Governor, after the shipwrecked mariners were refreshed, hired a boat to convey them to the *Continent*, and committed them to the care of a friendly *Minister*, who attended them with the greatest affability, and conducted them to Kiever, the residence of a Magistrate, who furnished them with a passport for Embden.

In the middle of the stormy month of last December, so remarkable for incessant rain and tempests, the shipwrecked mariners left the town of Kiever, to proceed on a long journey through a dreary country, being determined to go to ROTTERDAM, where they hoped to meet with a vessel to convey them to England.

Their

Their situation was truly pitiable.—Helpless strangers in a foreign land!—ignorant of the language—unacquainted with the roads—destitute of necessaries—exposed to the inclemency of the weather in the depth of winter——dependant for subsistence upon the precarious bounty of foreigners——obliged to solicit relief by signs and expressive motions, under the sanction of the passport from the Magistrate of Kiever!—The badness of the roads exceeded their utmost apprehensions.—The country was naked and desolate, and so deluged with the rain, that they had many tedious miles to travel deep in water.—Sometimes they met with a few scattered hamlets, or a miserable village, at widely extended distances, and they thought themselves happy, if at the close of day, they could reach any little hut, for rest and refreshment. The stormy wind, with beating rain, impeded their steps; and the inhabitants were so wretchedly poor, that a little rye bread and cheese, (with sometimes a cup of coffee) was esteemed a luxury. — Some of the poor, but hospitable peasants, opened wide their doors to admit the fatigued strangers, and entertained them with the best of their coarse and humble fare:—humanity could do no more — Others excluded them with brutal rudeness, and insulted them with all the contempt of uncivilized barbarism!!!—Oppressed with fatigue——languid and dejected——wandering beneath an inclement sky, without any friends to cheer, or comforts to refresh them; their hearts began to droop, and they were ready to faint under the pressure; but great are the powers of the human mind when called into exertion, and gracious are the mercies of the **ALMIGHTY**. — By perseverance and fortitude, they surmounted every difficulty, and at length arrived at the banks of one of the navigable canals, which in that country abound with passage boats; but so fatigued with the toilsome journey, that their strength



strength and spirits were just exhausted. — The passage boat being ready to depart, they immediately embarked, and it *providentially* happened that two Dutch Captains were passengers, who had formerly been shipwrecked in England, where they had experienced much kindness and humanity. — They immediately took the fatigued mariners under their protection, conducted them to Groningen a considerable town in Friesland, entertained them with great hospitality, and raised a subscription amongst the inhabitants to supply them with necessaries.

Let us pause a moment on this *Providential* circumstance — It is a lesson of useful instruction, and shews the mutual dependance which subsists amongst men. — The scenes of life are continually varying — The circling wheel is in perpetual revolution, and alternately places us in situations of *conferring* and *receiving* obligations. — How pleasing are the interchanges of mutual civilities! — How necessary the acts of reciprocal benevolence! — The golden links which unite us in the bonds of social affection ought never to be broken. — The Dutch Captains had suffered the miseries of shipwreck — they had also experienced the comforts of a benevolent assistance at the hand of strangers — their feelings were awakened with the similitude of the situation, and it seemed as though PROVIDENCE had cast the unfortunate English seamen in their way upon the occasion — their hearts glowed with sympathy and gratitude, and burned to relieve them. — Happy — thrice happy would it be, if mankind were to relinquish their prejudices and animosities, and treat each other with gentleness, liberality, and kindness. — Are we not all brethren, and is not God the sovereign of the universe, the Father of us all? — why then should we indulge a malignant pleasure, in wounding the reputation and peace of each other? — Are not the real miseries of life sufficient without multiplying

multiplying them.? — Let us consult our own hearts when oppressed with sickness or sorrow, and say, if the cup has not enough of bitterness!

The reader will excuse this digression.

From Groningen, the seamen proceeded with recruited vigour to AMSTERDAM, the residence of an English Consul, who forwarded them by a passage boat to ROTTERDAM, the last stage of their toilsome journey. — They embarked at Rotterdam in a vessel for England, and arrived at Scarborough, the ninth of January, where their appearance seemed a restoration from death, as no intelligence had been received of their fate, from the third of December.

The space of time occupied in their journey from Wranger Oog to Rotterdam was twenty Days — the distance 280 Miles.

“On pleasure’s flowing brink we idly stray,  
 “Masters as yet of our returning way;  
 “Seeing no danger we disarm our mind,  
 “And give our conduct to the waves and wind:  
 “Till the strong gales of raging passions rise,  
 “Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies,  
 “And swift into the boundless ocean borne,  
 “Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;  
 “Round our devoted heads the billows beat,  
 “And from our troubled view the lessen’d lands retreat.”



Copy of a letter from Captain Cannon of Dunbar, respecting his remarkable deliverance from shipwreck near Whitby.

On the 31st. of December, I sailed from Shields, in my own sloop laden with cinders for Dunbar — In the evening we were put back again by contrary winds, and anchored off Shields, intending to enter the next flood-tide. — About seven o'clock at night, came on a tremendous gale of wind at North east, and immediately the vessel drove. I had only one man and a boy along with me. As we anchored very near the rocks, and the wind was from the sea, we had very little time to deliberate; one quarter of an hour's drift must have inevitably dashed the vessel on the rocks, and plunged us into eternity. I said to the man, *"What is best to be done; shall we stand out to sea, or attempt to get over Shields bar?"* He replied, *"It is impossible to keep the vessel off the land with the wind. "Run for the bar" I answered; "It is low water, and of consequence the lights to run in by are not yet lighted, and should we strike upon either side of the bar, we must certainly perish, as there are no persons at this dark hour of the night to see or assist us."* — We immediately slipped our cable, and stood to the southward under the foresail bent, unable to set or take in sail. Presently she pitched away the bow-sprit by the stem, altho' there was no sail upon it, and dragged it after her all night, while we expected the vessel would strike every minute upon the land, it being a lee-shore, the vessel plunging continually under water, and we were in danger of being overwhelmed, the sea making a constant passage over us. The boy called out, that his body was full of salt water. To prevent his being washed overboard, I ordered him down to the cabin. The mate and I relieved each other at the helm, and went down into the cabin alternately, to keep ourselves warm, although there were neither fire  
nor



nor candle, they being washed out into the sea, as well as the compass out of the binnacle. It snowed very hard, and the cold was intensely severe. At midnight, the mate relieved me at the helm, and I went down into the cabin; in about ten minutes a sea struck the vessel, washed off the top of the companion, filled the cabin with water, and I firmly believed she was going down, never to come up again. When she righted with much difficulty, I crawled up the companion and looking round about me, beheld the dreadful scene; the mate washed overboard, the main-sail and the boom broken, and trailing along side, the boat, cook-house, rails, ropes, and every thing upon deck were washed overboard; all the shrouds broken to leeward, and flying like pendants from the mast-head; the foresail likewise dragging along side, and the vessel having canted her cargo was lying upon her broad-side.

The only remedy that now remained to save my life, and the boy's, was to run the vessel on shore before the wind; it being then high water, but so dark, that I could not chuse one place from another, and therefore must fall upon rocks or sands, as Providence directed. Accordingly I put the helm a weather, but she would not wear, having lost her steerage way through the water, and I had no sail left to set, so she lay rolling in the hollow of the sea.

As it was useless to keep the deck any longer, from whence I must, in all probability, be soon washed overboard, I went down into the cabin to commend my soul to God, expecting the vessel must presently go ashore, and break in pieces before daylight. My dear wife and child also lay heavy upon my mind.

When the day appeared, I saw the Yorkshire coast

coast to lee-ward, about three miles distant, and the vessel driving fast among the broken water. I then considered what was best to be done to preserve life, and where to place myself before the vessel entered among the breakers, which began about two miles from the land. I reflected that the fore part of the ship is strongest bound with breast hooks, I resolved upon lashing myself to the windlafs, and asked the boy to go with me, that I might secure him likewise. He objected to leave the cabin, and I was therefore obliged to go myself. As I passed by the mast, a sea struck the vessel, half mast-high, and almost suffocated me, and I was unable to move from thence; but clung fast to the mast, holding the hoops of the main-sail with my hands, and fixing my knees upon the cleets of the mast; these tore a hole through my trowsers, which saved me, when I had neither sense nor strength to take care of myself. A piece of the rails hanging by a rope from the mast-head at every roll the ship gave, swung right over my head, about the distance of six inches, with such violence, that had it struck me once, I should have been dashed in pieces: if I had stooped lower, I was in danger of being suffocated by the sea.

When the vessel struck upon the sand, I was agreeably surprised to find the sea smoother, occasioned by the ship driving within a sunken rock. Immediately a great number of people from Whitby stood upon the beach, and observing no one on-board but myself, hanging at the mast, they concluded I was dead, and the rest of the crew washed overboard. Perceiving that they made no attempt to save my life, I lifted up my hand, and waved it, to signify I was alive. Immediately a man and horse went to Whitby for a rope, and harpoon-gun, to fire over me, that catching hold, they might hale me on shore. The gun could

not

not be procured, but they brought a rope, which some stout seamen took hold of, and ventured in, though with their Sunday clothes on. The tallest man waded foremost, with a coil of rope in his hand, and threw it on board; but they were washed off their feet several times; which when the spectators saw, they instantly ran into the sea and saved their lives. After I understood their signs, it being impossible to hear their voices (for the wind and sea) which was to make the rope fast about me, that they might hale me on shore, I said to the boy whom I found sitting in the cabin, "*I will make you fast with the rope, as I know you will not secure yourself when I am gone.*" He answered, "*No master it is impossible for them to hale me ashore alive, because my body is full of salt water.*" But knowing there were only two things for us to chuse, either to be haled ashore, dead, or alive, or to be drowned in two hours time by the flood-tide, which was making fast, and would overset the vessel, I then took hold of him and by force fastened the rope about his body, and threw him overboard; so they haled him safe ashore; but for want of recollection, instead of fastening the bight of the rope to the boy, and retaining the end myself, in case they should find it impossible to convey the rope on board again, I fastened him with the end, and considered not till it was too late, to my great grief. However the sailors made another vigorous attempt, and with much difficulty threw the rope on board again, to which I fastened myself, and leaping into the sea, they haled me on shore as fast as possible.

They supported us both to the nearest farm-house, where we were treated with the greatest hospitality. They stripped us before a good warm fire, which we needed very much, as it continued to snow, and the



## 30 AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

the frost was severe. Two hours after, a man came to the house, and informed me the vessel was sunk, and the mast broken, and driven on shore.

Thus I lost my vessel, which was all I had of this world's good, and not a shilling insured; but I did not much regret my loss, as God was graciously pleased to preserve my life, and that of the boy's, in such a wonderful manner: I was thankful to the Father of Mercies, for his miraculous interposition in the hour of danger, and affording me, so great and unexpected a deliverance.

Alexander Cannon.

The preceding narratives have exhibited the Sea arrayed in all its terrors, spreading great devastation, and threatening general destruction; but the voice of the Lord confines the roaring billows — “He hath placed the sand for a bound to the sea——hitherto shalt thou go; but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

“O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches! So is the great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable. There go the ships; there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: — The fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea. — O LORD, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!”

The

## AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES. 31

The following lines, descriptive of the dangers in a storm at sea, breathe such a spirit of unshaken confidence in the protection of the ALMIGHTY, that they cannot be unacceptable to the serious reader, and will form a proper conclusion of the subject.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Thro' burning climes I pass unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,

Made ev'ry region please:

The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,

And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,

How with affrighted eyes,

Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,

In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,

And fear in ev'ry heart;

When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,

O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,

Thy mercy set me free,

Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,

My soul took hold on thee.

The

## AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the wind retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy will;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserve my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.





